Theſe hands ſhall never draw'em out like lightning
To blaſt whole Armies more.
Arcite. No *Palamon*,
Thoſe hopes are Priſoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes muſt wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age muſt finde us,
And which is heavieſt (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The ſweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kiſſes, armd with thouſand Cupids
Shall never claſpe our neckes, no iſſue know us,
No figures of our ſelves ſhall we ev'r ſee,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright armes, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-eyd Maides, ſhall weepe our Baniſhments,
And in their Songs, curſe ever-blinded fortune
Till ſhee for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſhe has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We ſhall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Sommer ſhall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter muſt inhabite here ſtill.
Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That ſhooke the aged Forreſt with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we halloa, no more ſhake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilſt the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-ſteeld Darts: All valiant uſes,
(The foode, and nouriſhment of noble mindes,)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die
(which is the curſe of honour) laſtly,
Children of greiſe, and Ignorance.
Arc. Yet Coſen,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts ryſing, two meere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe, to hold here a brave patience,

And

And the enjoying of our greefes toge
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me p
If I thinke this our priſon.
Pala. Certeinly,
Tis a maine goodnes Coſen, that our fo
Were twyn'd together; tis moſt true,
Put in two noble Bodies, let 'em ſuffer
The gaule of hazard, ſo they grow toge
Will never ſincke, they muſt not, ſay th
A willing man dies ſleeping, and all's
Arc. Shall we make worthy uſes of
That all men hate ſo much?
Pal. How gentle Coſen?
Arc. Let's thinke this priſon, holy
To keepe us from corruption of worſe
We are young and yet deſire the waie
That liberty and common Converſatio
The poyſon of pure ſpirits; might like
Wooe us to wander from. What wor
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being th
We are an endles mine to one another
We are one anothers wife, ever begetti
New birthes of love; we are father, fri
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: Th
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppreſſou
Dare take this from us; here with a lit
We ſhall live long, and loving: No ſu
The hand of war hurts none here, nor
Swallow their youth: were we at libe
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſ
Quarrels conſume us, Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might ſicke
Where you ſhould never know it, an
Without your noble hand to cloſe mi
Or praiers to the gods; a thouſand cha
Were we from hence, would ſeaver us

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